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PRICE TEN CENTS.

*"What fools these mortals be!"*

# Puck

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THE MORNING AFTER.



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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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## "What Fools These Mortals Be!"

THERE WAS something about the "deal" that Paul Morton got which suggested the nicety of a T-square.

PERHAPS, IN the event of further Moroccan disturbance, France might induce Raisuli to kidnap Wilhelm.

STEALS, AGGREGATING about \$200,000, are the latest developments in our care of the simple savage. Lo, the rich agent!

IF HE is not found guilty of *lesè majesté*, he may deem himself lucky—the German engineer who beat the Kaiser's auto.

IN VIEW of that hard-earned \$120,000, our Chauncey's buoyant optimism on the subject of Prosperity was both natural and proper.

WE TRUST it will not become general, this practice of rewarding with a cabinet, or other high office, every man who confesses to a record of law-breaking.

REPRESENTATIVE BOUTELL, of the Ways and Means Committee, is a believer in the deficit as a preserver of federal solvency. Here is the ideal running mate for "High Price" Shaw.

NOW THAT a Commission of Parliament is to probe British war scandals, it remains to be seen whether something was "embalmed" or whether some one committed "a loop."

THE OCTOGENARIAN Union veteran, who endeavored to see the President and was arrested at the White House door, made his fatal mistake in the method of his approach. He should have clad himself in a lariat and sombrero and requested with a whoop to be shown to Bad Lands Teddy.

THERE IS a growing suspicion among conservatives that Castro has for some years been the quadruped known as "the goat."

"WE OWE," says the *Detroit Free Press*, "an immense debt to medical science." True; but the last bill we pay is the doctor's.

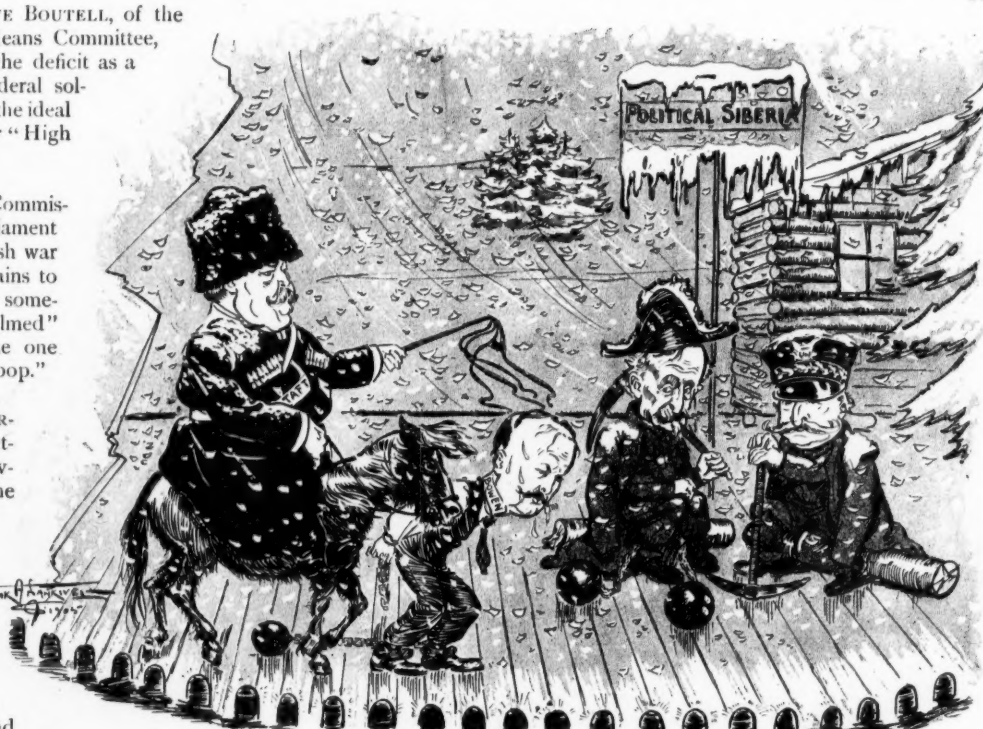
THE NEW census will indicate that, but for the labor troubles, Chicago's population would equal the combined populations of New York, London and Paris.

PERHAPS, THOUGH he has n't directly said so, President Roosevelt would suggest for Messrs. Harmon and Judson a second course of study in the little old red law school.

SEÑOR JOSÉ MIGUEL GOMEZ, Fusion candidate for the presidency of Cuba, should place himself at once under the management of that expert fusionist, Señor R. Fulton Cutting of New York.

THE GOVERNOR of Moscow has posted notices of the forth-coming mobilization of troops, and exhorting the population to be calm.

The way, of course, to keep the population calm is by frequent mobilization of the troops.



"BY ORDER OF THE CZAR."

EXILE MILES (to Exile Schley).—Merciful Heaven! The man is Shirt-sleeve Bowen!

"THE MAN who betrays his trust for money," said Mayor McClellan, in a recent speech, "makes the crime of Benedict Arnold sink into insignificance and lends a respectable hue even to piracy." Strong words and true, and doubly overwhelming when one thinks of the number of Tammany gentry who have made the crime of Benedict Arnold sink into insignificance and lent a respectable hue even to piracy.



ADULTERATION DAYS.

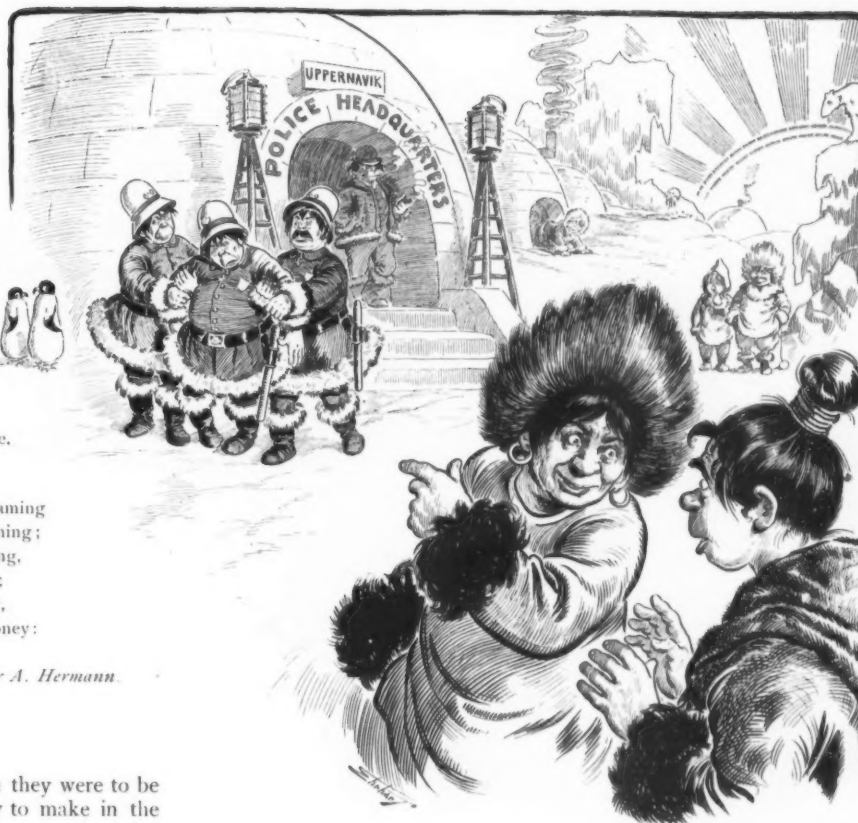


CAME to a shop where the counters were bending,  
With foodstuffs and meats in array never ending;  
With salads, preserves and fruits of the fairest,  
With candies and nuts and cordials the rarest.  
I thought I should buy from that wonderful store,  
When a voice bellowed out that I'd oft heard before:  
"Adulteration! Beware, adulteration!"

I came to a room and I sat at a table,  
All burdened with foods like the feast of a fable;  
I ate of them all, but this was the greeting:  
"Beware of the alum and acids you're eating."  
I tasted the wines and again came the voice:  
"The wines are but drugs though they may seem choice.  
Adulteration! Beware, adulteration!"

I came to a land where the walls were all gleaming  
With jasper and pearl, and rivers were streaming;  
Rich rivers of honey were pouring and gushing,  
And rivers of milk were flowing and rushing;  
I said I shall drink, it will cost me no money,  
But a seraph said, pointing to milk and to honey:  
"Adulteration! Beware, adulteration!"

Victor A. Hermann.



WHERE DAYS ARE LONG.

"What is the matter with officer Choochuk? Drunk?"  
"No, he fainted. The commissioner just fined him thirty days' pay."

LOVE AND REASON.

"SUPPOSE," he asked her, about a week before they were to be married, "that I was poor and had my way to make in the world, would you marry me then?"

"I would love you just the same, dear," she answered, after serious reflection; "but if such were the case it would be the best to defer the wedding till you got a start."

"That may be true," he said; "but suppose I insisted that we be married at once?"

"I should still insist that it be deferred," she replied.

"If you knew it might be several years before I got the start, and that I would be very unhappy without you, you would still insist?"

"Y-e-s; I think it would be best, in the end."

"Then I fear it would be best to defer the wedding for all time, for you could not really love me."

"But," she protested quickly, "it would only be doing the part of reason."

"That's just it," he replied. "Love knows no reason."

James Ravenscroft.

THE ULTIMATE RULER.

"THE world is mine!"  
The ruler of the largest nation on earth had just conquered the only nation that was left. Turning to his first assistant he said triumphantly:

"And now, sir," he continued, "what more is there for us to do? We control everything."

The first assistant sighed.

"Alas, sire!" he exclaimed, holding an ominous paper in his hand, "I fear that our troubles are not over yet."



L.M. GLACKENS

MOTHER GOOSE MODERNIZED.

THERE was a man in our town  
And he was wondrous wise;  
He jumped into a bramble bush  
And scratched out both his eyes.

And when they saw his eyes were out,  
Before he could object or  
Say a word, they made of him  
A government inspector.

"Speak!" said the ruler, turning pale. "Let me know the worst."

And with trembling lips the chief assistant replied:

"Our cook, sire, threatens to leave unless you make her a queen regent."

POSSIBLE EFFECT.

"HERE's a clergyman who urges that women should go to church plainly dressed."

"Indeed? He must want to add to the problem 'Why do not men go to church,' the problem 'Why do not women go to church?'"

PREPARING.

FIRST LIFE INSURANCE DIRECTOR.—I'm going to take out an accident policy.

SECOND LIFE INSURANCE DIRECTOR.—So am I. There's a Board meeting to-morrow.

ONE OF THE ASSETS.

BANKRUPT.—Have you figured in my son? He's worth a few thousands.

LAWYER.—What's that got to do with it?

BANKRUPT.—They say he's a credit to me.

**It is no use to tell us that wealth does not bring happiness. We want to find it out for ourselves.**

# PUCK



"I-gash, Mr. Slimmers, you must be one o' them clara-voyants, or—"

"Oh, no! I merely fancied—"

"Wa-al, then, if it's all the same to you, I wish you would n't go out of your way to do any more fancyin' or imaginin' or s'posin' or presumin' while you are here. If you do, I'm liable to lose my job. If the Deacon finds out that you are exercisin' your ee-specialty without chargin' for it, he'll fire me from my position of guide and lecturer to the city folks. The Deacon really enjoys payin' nothin' for somethin'."

Tom P. Morgan.

## RETRIBUTION.

"Pale-face write Injun coon-songs. Heap big revenge! Wah-a-hoop-yeow!"

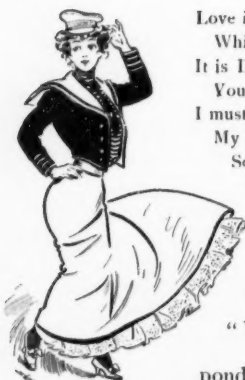
## A POOR LOVER'S PLAIN.



EVERY DAY that goes by adds  
To Summer's renown,  
When the Nymphs and the Dryads  
Take leave of the Town:  
So it's Good-bye to Mabel,—  
A water nymph she;—  
How I wish I were able  
To rest by the sea!

Every day it grows duller  
In Town, I admit;  
Of excitement or color  
There's scarcely a bit:  
For Myrilla,—the mountains;—  
Dear Dryad, Good-bye!—  
How I wish that the fountains  
Of wealth were n't dry!

What a pleasure for Pan to  
Taste joy to the brim!  
For these dear girls both plan to  
Play only with him:  
When he pipes they will follow  
And dance as they can;—  
It's a hard dose to swallow  
For any poor man!



Love is Angel or Imp, for,  
While they are away,  
It is Dryad or Nymph for  
Young Cupid to say:  
I must pick out the daughter  
My pocket could stand,  
So it's sink in deep water,  
Or wreck on dry land!

Felix Carmen.

## DANGEROUS GIFT.

"YE SEE that 'ere ledge there, overhangin' the pond?" began the hired man, in an oratorical tone and waving an indicatory paw. "Wa-al, that's—"

"H'm, yes!" returned the summer boarder, with the thoughtful brow and protuberant Adam's apple. "But would n't it be better to denominate it a 'beetling crag'?"

"Eh-yah! For a fact, that's exactly how the Deacon told me to describe it when showin' it off to new boarders. Much obliged to ye, Mr. Slimmers!"

"You are welcome. And—ah!—I presume it is generally called the 'Lover's Leap,' is it not?"

"Yep! That's its name, all right enough, but how in tunkett did you find it out? You ain't been here before, hev ye?"

"Oh, no! I merely supposed so."

"Wa-al, let's see if you can s'pose the rest of the story! A long time ago, a maiden by the name of Lorena—"

"H'm! Nineteen years of age, was she not?"

"Yes! But—looky here!—what—"

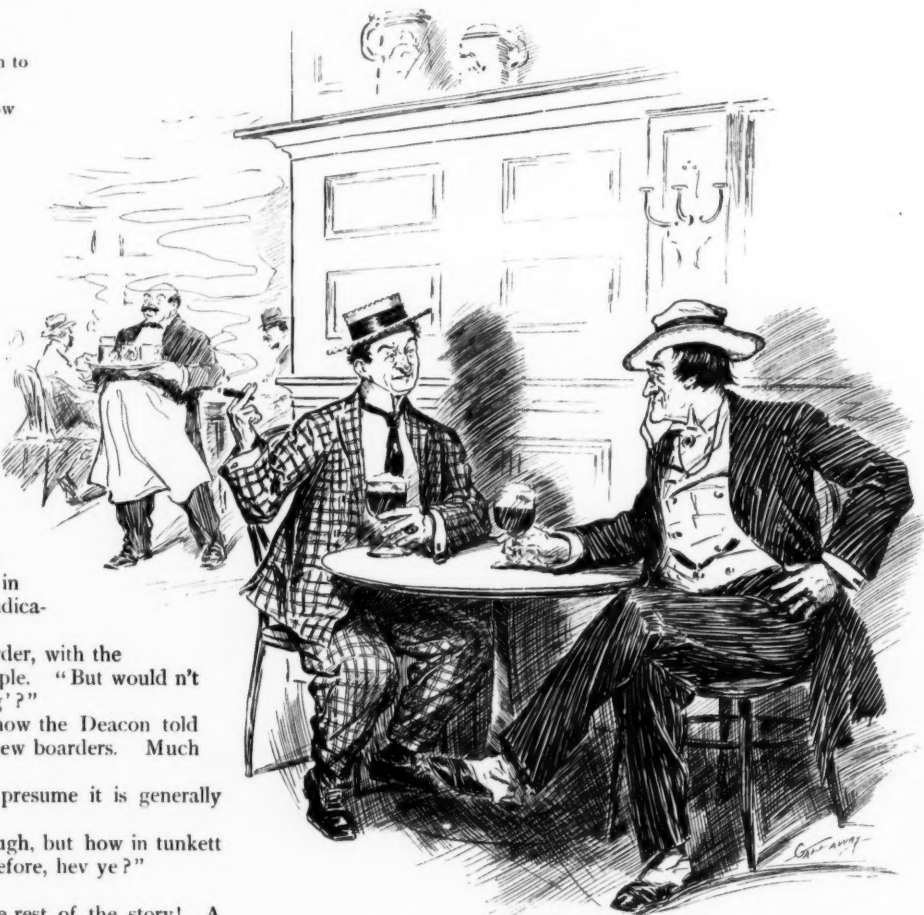
"Oh, I imagine she stood on the highest point of the ledge, waved the cruel world a last farewell, plunged headlong into the pond, and was drowned in the deep, black waters?"

## BOUND TO COME.

"IT'S HAPPENED!" triumphantly ejaculated the landlord of the Pruntytown tavern, addressing the washing-machine agent who had just arrived on his regular once-in-six-weeks visit to the hamlet. "It's happened, just as I've been all along contendin' 't would! The ten-twenty-and-thirty-cents-admission dramatic aggregation that's billed to show here next week has got a niece of Thomas W. Lawson for leadin' lady."

## LOOPHOLES.

CRAWFORD.—How many residences does a rich man have?  
CRABSHAW.—Usually three. A city one when he votes, a country one when he swears off his taxes, and a Western one when he sues for a divorce.

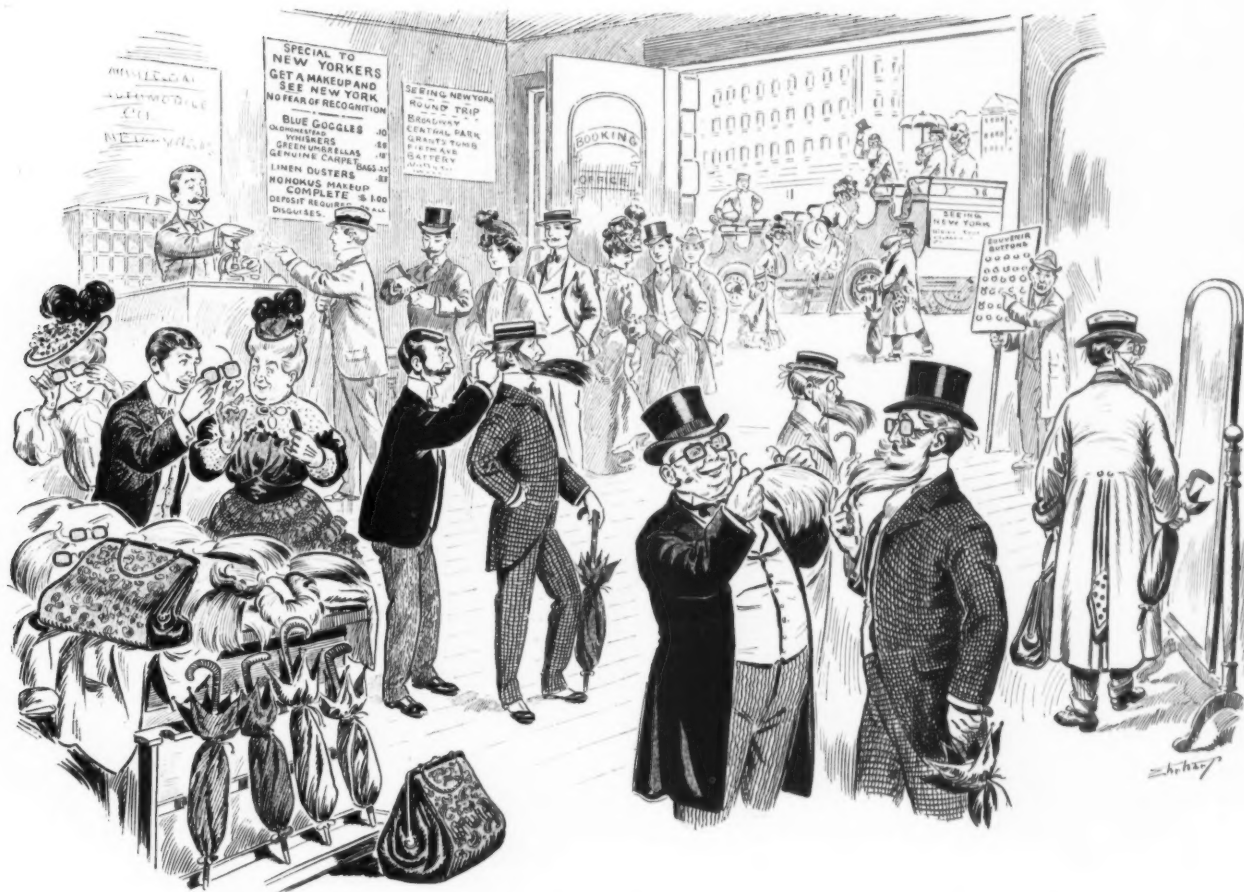


## AFTER THE SUMMER SHOW.

THE COMEDIAN.—Hang it! I could n't recall that new joke I intended to spring to-night!

THE BOX-OFFICE MAN.—Never mind, old chap; you were the only one in the house who could n't recall it.





MERELY FOR NEW YORKERS WHO WOULD LIKE TO "SEE NEW YORK."



#### HOW TO WRITE A SHORT STORY.

HAVING obtained your pen, ink and paper and prepared your writing table, as described by Prof. Daffy Dondilly in our previous lesson, all you need is an idea. Run your fingers through your hair slowly, at the same time gazing fixedly at the point of your pen. Presently an idea will strike you, and the next point to be considered is the manner of starting the story. The first word is the most important. The Professor advises against beginning with "The." It is true that Mr. Kipling, Mr. Conrad and Mr. Barrie frequently start with the definite article, but these writers have won their spurs, and do not have to consult editorial prejudices. "A" is a safer word to open with; "as" or "when" is safer still; but perhaps the best of all openings is the full name of your heroine—thus:

"Mehitabel Bogg stood in the doorway of her father's farmhouse, and watched the sun go down behind the cedar lot."

With this flying start it should not be difficult to continue to the end, keeping always in mind the necessity for originality, simplicity and naturalness. Have these three words printed neatly on a card, and hang the card on the wall above your writing table, where you may see it constantly.

#### WHAT FORMER STUDENTS ARE DOING.

Alfred Dribble, of Spooner, Wis., one of Prof. Dondilly's former students, writes: "One week after graduating from your Correspondence School of Fiction I made a contract with a literary agent, who is to sell my manuscripts for me and pay me 25 per cent. of the gross receipts. All I have to furnish is the postage. My future is now secure."

Estelle Slobbs, of Greenfield, Mass., writes: "Since graduating from your school I have obtained steady employment contributing to the *Waverley Magazine*, receiving the magazine for a year for each manuscript accepted. My subscription is now paid up for twelve years, and I hope in time to earn a life subscription."

#### WRITERS OF THE DAY.

E. H. Bowser, whose story, "Lifting the Mortgage," appeared in the *Obscure Magazine* for June, inherited his taste for letters from his father, William Bowser, who was a Brooklyn letter carrier. Mr. Bowser the younger was graduated from the Adelphi Academy, and shortly afterward accepted a position as card-writer in a large New York department store. His first essay in fiction was printed in the *Authors' Magazine*. Since then he has had stories in *Obscure's*, *Down and Out*, the *Receiver's Magazine*, *Stonebroke's Monthly*, and the *Eclipse*. Mr. Bowser has also been mentioned in the "Books and Authors" department of the *New York Sun*.

Harold Bunn, whose article, "What Becomes of All the Pins?" appeared in the May *Eclipse*, lives in New York the year round, except for two weeks in the Summer, when he rusticates at Gnatville, Conn. For the past two years Mr. Bunn has been employed as receiving-teller in a large butter and eggs commission house in Washington Market. His literary work is done in the evening. He contributes repeatedly to *Stonebroke's Monthly*, *Down and Out*, and other leading magazines, and his photograph will probably be printed in next month's *Bookman*.



AFTER THE DOE.

**H**ope is a great jollier.



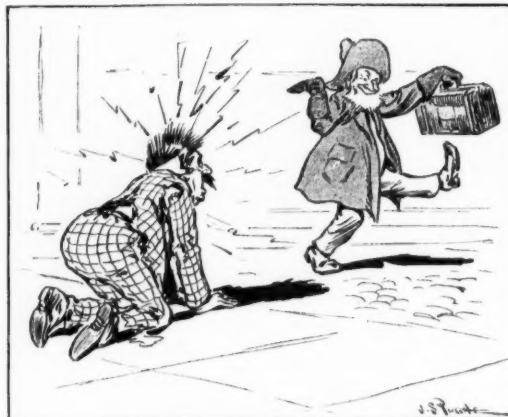
I.  
UNCLE TOPSOIL.—Yes, it allus cheers yer up t' meet an old friend, don't it?



II.  
“What? Carry m' bag for me? Well, now, that's real kind of ye. Seein' it 's you, I——



III.  
“Don't keer if I do! And say, sonny,——



IV.  
“Next time ye carry a bag, pick one out that aint got a 'lectric battery inside. I wear rubber gloves.”

#### THEIR VACATION.

Mrs. and Mrs. VON BLUMER were sitting together. One was smoking and the other was reading.

For some time Von Blumer's face had been heavy with thought. Evidently there was something on his mind.

“Do you suppose,” he said at last, with an apparent assumption of indifference, “that there is anything in the idea that two people who are living together all their lives ought to separate occasionally?”

“You mean married people?”

“Yes.”

Mrs. Von Blumer smiled.

“Why, yes,” she replied. “I suppose there is a certain amount of truth in it. I think it is a good idea. Why not? You wear on me at times. I presume that I wear on you.”

Von Blumer had been married long enough not to fall into any verbal trap.

“Certainly not, my dear,” he replied. “Of course you never wear upon me, that is, in the sense I mean. Only—well, I suppose we might as well admit that there 's something in it. It 's natural after all that two people should get—well, too used to each other. Once a year perhaps they—”

Mrs. Von Blumer dropped her book in her lap. She too had been married for some time. She knew as much as her husband.

“Come, come, dear,” she said, looking at him sharply. Out with

it. What 's up your sleeve? You may as well tell the exact truth. What were your plans?”

Von Blumer wasted no more time. He had conveyed by his manner that he was trying to conceal something, counting upon Mrs. Von Blumer's practiced eye to find it out, and all simply that he could get her attention to what his purpose was.

“Simply this,” he replied. “You and I both need a rest and a change. You like one sort of a place, I like another. Let 's part for a couple of weeks. You go your way, I go mine. It will do us both good. We 'll be tickled to death to see each other. What do you say?”

For a moment Mrs. Von Blumer did not reply. Then she smiled enthusiastically.

“I really believe,” she said, “that you for once have a good idea. I 'll do it. We 'll start off next week.”

“Done!” said Von Blumer. The following Monday they kissed each other good-bye.

The next afternoon, as Von Blumer ascended his own steps once more and opened the door, who should he see but Mrs. Von Blumer.

“What in the world are you doing here?” he exclaimed.

Mrs. Von Blumer sighed.

“Why, I thought you were going away,” she said, “so I made up my mind that I would come back home and, all by myself, take a much needed rest.”

“Umph!” said Von Blumer. “So did I.”



#### IN CLASSIC BOSTON.

VISITING REPORTER.—There 's nothing like the spit-ball to kill a pitcher's arm.

TRANSCRIPT REPORTER.—Beg pardon, but here in Boston we speak of it as the Saliva Sphere.



# PUCK

## GOTHAM GLEANINGS.



LITTLE RAIN would benefit the crops considerable.

Geo. McClellan, our popular mayor, Saturdayed out of town. There is some talk of Geo's re-election.

Bill Devery has bought him a new hat. It's a straw one and becomes him finely.

Charley Schwab is having his house painted. It is not known who is doing the job.

A cross (X) on your paper signifies that your subscription has run out. Pay up.

Jim Hyde says business is fair, also Dick Curdy.

P. Morton, who has moved his lares and penates to this place, allows we have a dandy burg. Thank you, Paul. "Praise from King Humbert," as the bard says.

Several of our young people had a hay ride last night, ending up with an ice-cream supper at the St. Regis where mine host Haan served a dainty collation.

Russ Sage was a pleasant caller on ye editor this A. M. and left us \$1 for his subscription. Come again, Russ.

A lot of college boys in town looking for jobs.

It looks like we would have an early autumn.

News are infrequent this week. More in the next issue.

Franklin P. Adams.

## ONE FELLOW'S SCHEME.

OLD ROCKSEY.—The young man who marries my daughter must be rich.

IMPECUNE.—Well, sir, I don't know of any better way to get rich than to marry her.



## ALMA MATER SO DEAR.

FARMER JASON.—Want a job, hey? Are ye a good, steady worker?

BYPATH BLAKE.—Well, no, now you speak of it. I have to take four months off every year to go an' coach me old college foot-ball team!



## THE REAL POINT.

JERROLD.—How does she treat you?

HOBART.—Just like ice!

JERROLD.—Yes; but are you the ice-man?

## LET US HAVE PEACE.

HAIL, gentle Peace Envoys! May thy conference be short and sweet, thy differences genially adjusted. And, O Plenipotentiaries of Peace, while you have your hand in, prithee settle a few other grievous scraps that are becoming rather tedious, to draw it mild.

Kindly wind up the war between Tom Lawson and the System.

We are weary of the yawp of Tammas. Gladly would we welcome a rest.

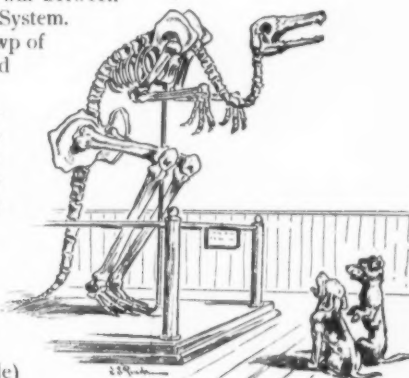
Oblige us by putting an end to the insurance war, and make the indemnity to the policy holder as large as possible.

Settle the tainted money war between Gen. John Rockefeller and Gen. Washington Gladden.

Make peace (if possible) between Chicago and the Teamsters' Union, that we may know who owns the streets of the western metropolis.

Silence the din of the horrid strife between Mr. Metcalfe and the Theatrical Trust. The loss of words is appalling and staggers humanity.

There are other rows, O Envoys, that might be brought to your attention, but the foregoing would hold you for a while, and you would see a good deal of our interesting country.



## ENVY.

OVERAWED PUP.—Gee, but I'd like to have been alive in those days. What bones a dog must have got!

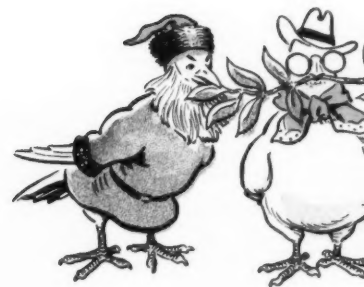
FIRST COLLECTOR.—Yes, sir; I have some of the ink that the Declaration of Independence was signed with.

SECOND COLLECTOR.—Oh, that is nothing. In my garden grows the cherry tree that Washington cut down.

**The best way to profit by your mistakes is to have them debited to someone else.**



Let the control of Manchuria be decided by a swimming race.



THE LITTLE ST



A foursome at tree chopping might determine the fate of China.

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

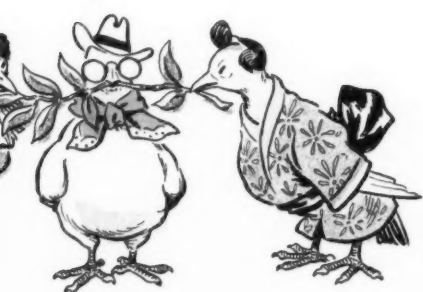
TO THE TEDDIP

Why sizzle at the Cap  
Or swelter on Poto  
When comfort dwells  
And breezy groves

Here on the famous p  
Within the olive br  
With Loeb to pass th  
A treaty might be

WHY NOT SETTLE IT SOCI





THE LITTLE STICK.



The question of indemnity might be settled on the tennis court.



L. M. GILKIN



# TO THE TEDDIPOTENTIARIES.

Why sizzle at the Capital,  
Or swelter on Potomac's shore,  
When comfort dwells within the dells  
And breezy groves of Sagamore?

ere on the famous porch of Ted,  
Within the olive branches' shade,  
With Loeb to pass the soothing glass,  
A treaty might be quickly made.



Why not give Vladivostok to the nation telling the tallest fish story?

IT SOCIALLY AT OYSTER BAY?

I PROMISED MADGE I WOULD N'T SMOKE.

POPULAR SONG À LA MODE.



A CROWD of men was sitting in  
A Pullman palace car,  
They told some stories and also  
Were smoking some cigars,  
Save one alone who did not join  
In telling any jokes.  
"Come on," a drummer said to him,  
"And have a little smoke."  
[Key changes to minor here.]

He turned away in silence and  
A tear stood in his eye.  
"What is the matter?" said a  
man.  
He did make no reply,  
Till later he did turn to them  
In accents none too gay  
And looking them right in the eye  
To them these words did say:

CHORUS:

"I'd rather have the fifteen cents,"  
He said in accents grave;  
"I promised Madge I'd always try  
My cash to always save.  
Tobacco is a dreadful thing  
And bad for all good folks;  
I love my sweetheart Madge. I prom-  
ised — her I — wouldn't smoke!"

Franklin P. Adams

THE TROUBLE WITH THE MULES.

IT WAS not the doctor's fault: he had been in the Service a short time only; and he had never before attempted to drive a pair of shaved-tail children of Belial. He borrowed the team of the Post Quartermaster, and invited me to accompany him to "a hard town small by." I accepted, and we crawled slowly out of the garrison. The gentle physician ejaculated, "Get up," shook the reins, and beat the half-brothers to an ass plentifully upon the back, while I carolled merrily:

Whack, oh, whack the festive mule,  
Whack him on the vestibule!"

A turtle overlook and passed us, disappearing in the "immensity without variety."

"What the heaven is  
beasts?" inquired Sawbones.

I said: "Pills, your inten-  
understand how to achieve the  
lar variety of hybrid. The mule  
and total depravity; he is a Presbyterian, and nothing can move him  
but fear and strong language threateningly expressed. Give me the  
lines and whip, and hearken."

the matter with these sacred

tions are good, but you do not  
best results from this particu-  
is a cross between original sin  
and total depravity; he is a Presbyterian, and nothing can move him  
but fear and strong language threateningly expressed. Give me the  
lines and whip, and hearken."

I spoke to the docile animals with deep feeling.

I referred, injuriously I fear, to their an-  
cestry. I expressed grave doubts  
as to their having been born in  
wedlock. I intimated that  
their future was certain,  
and that in it they would  
not need blankets. I  
hinted that in the spirit  
world they would not  
slake their thirst upon  
milk and honey to any  
great extent; that there  
would be no frost on their  
thistles in "the sweet by and  
by;" and that their hay would  
be handed out on a warm  
pitchfork. I urgently requested  
the prevailing deities to attend  
to them, in the here and the  
hereafter, without need-  
less delay. I sneered at  
their ears in dark blue  
words; I objugated  
their eyes in sentences  
that would drive a fish-  
wife wild with envy; I  
cast contumely upon  
their legs in language  
that could not be seen  
and felt, and that gave  
out a faint, evanescent



HIS OLD AUTO HABIT.

FAIR AIR-MOTORIST.—Oh, what shall we do! The ship has  
broken down and Claude has fallen!

HER COMPANION.—Heavens! He forgot where he was and  
crawled underneath.

perfume, like a burning box of seven-day matches. Net result,  
twelve miles an hour.

The practitioner upon commissioned and enlisted lives pre-  
served for a time the silence which is "the perfectest herald of  
joy," then, impulsively seizing my hand, he burst into articulate  
speech:

"You are great!" he cried. "You are sublime! You are the  
world-master of smooth and liquid profanism!"

"No," I replied, modestly and simply, "I am very old and very  
wise, (I said this before Mark Twain did, so this is not plagiarism),  
and I know what a mule expects and longs for. Any person not a  
perfect lady who has driven mules twice can, and will, do quite as well."

We got a little drink at the hard town, and Pills drove back.  
The pace was tremendous, and I felt that I was a mere amateur.

W. E. P. French, U. S. A.

BRILLIANCE.

BRILLIANCE is a precarious quality. There was once a woman  
who had a truly brilliant complexion, but she was not content.

Nothing would do her but she  
must be brilliant likewise in  
conversation. The result  
was that she started a pro-  
fuse perspiration and very  
soon her complexion was  
nowhere.

A rich woman may look  
forward to a brilliant mar-  
riage or a brilliant surgical  
operation, or, if she be very  
rich, to both.

No brainy woman need  
despair, however. It is  
likely that only a small  
fraction of the things sus-  
ceptible of looping have as  
yet been looped (indeed,  
the loop and the gap and  
one or two others are about  
all). Again, the simple life  
is practically a virgin field,  
to say nothing of literature,  
which we have always with us.  
In a word, some sort of brilliancy  
is within the reach of about all.



USEFUL.

HER FATHER.—Was your French  
of any use to you while in Paris?

DOLLY.—Oh, yes; when I tried to  
talk it, they thought I was a Portuguese  
and did n't charge me half as much as  
they do Americans.

VERY few of us succeed in  
impressing strangers as  
much as we think we ought to.



# PUCK



## THOROUGHLY STERILIZED.

AUNT BETH.—They say his money is tainted!  
EDITH.—Nonsense, Aunt! I heard him say he had just cleaned up another million!

## MISINTERPRETED.

THE eminent lecturer, self-made and not wholly unconscious of the fact, was addressing the Piginville Y. M. C. A.



## ILLUSTRATED PERSONAL.

A refined little girl from Missouri (18), inexperienced city ways, would like to be shown; object matrimony. REFINED, 621 Herald.

wants to be doctored or does the doctor doctor him just as he thinks he ought to be doctored?

THE sale of 100,000 copies of a book has a various significance, depending on circumstances. If it is compassed in six months, the chances are that the public have simply had their curiosity uncommonly inflamed by the arts of the merchandiser; if in ten years, a favorable presumption is raised; if in a hundred years, the book is a classic.

## A QUESTION.

LITTLE CLARENCE.—Paw-uh!  
MR. CALLIPERS.—Well, my son?

LITTLE CLARENCE.—Paw, when a doctor is sick and calls in another doctor to doctor him, is the doctor doctored the way he

## TWO OPINIONS.

"Oh, none of this marrying business for me,"  
A young woman argued, in whom there was dearth  
Of softness and moonshine; "I vow and declare  
I just would n't marry the last man on earth."

"Well, I would," responded a meek little maid  
Whose pathway was littered with masculine wrecks;  
"Nor would I accept him for his sake or mine,  
But simply to spite all the rest of my sex."—W. J. Lampton.

## SO DIFFERENT.

UNCLE WINTHROP.—And what do you desire to be when you have become a man, Emersie? When I was your age, I wanted to be a pirate.

EMERSON LOWELL BACKBEIGH.—The aspirations of modern youth are so different, uncle. Now, I should like to be a Promoter.

IN too many cases, a sanguine disposition is merely a disposition to ignore probabilities.



## HIGH ART.

PHOTOGRAPHER SPARROW.—Excuse me, Sir; but you'll have to get down on your knees, if you want your face in the picture.

# MORE THAN 400 SHAVES WITHOUT STROPPING

is a low average of the number of shaves that can be secured with a

## Gillette Safety Razor

The outfit consists of one triple silver plated holder and twelve double-edged wafer blades, in a morocco velvet lined case. These wonderful blades are tempered so hard by our secret process that they must be ground with Diamond Dust, and so perfectly sharpened that every one will give from ten to fifty delightful, velvety shaves without stropping. Thousands of unsolicited letters testify to this. Here is one of them.

Gillette Sales Co., New York. Gentlemen—I bought one of your razors last September and I would not sell it for many times its value if I could not get another. In fact it is the only razor. I have used one blade sixty-two times and am still using it. We have a chain of 26 banks and several of our boys have bought the razor from seeing mine.

Respectfully,  
L. GREENWOOD, Auditor Farmers' Loan & Trust Co., Sioux City, Iowa.



The circular illustrations shown here are exact reproductions of photographs made under the microscope by Prof. W. J. G. Land of the University of Chicago. Same lens and conditions used on both razor blades.

Note the perfectly true edge of the Gillette Blade. The other illustration was not from a bad razor but from the best obtainable in daily use.

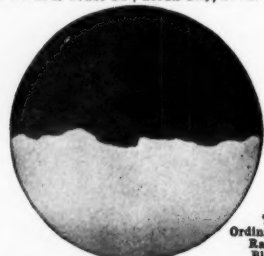
The edges of these two razor blades have not been retouched in any way, but are exactly as they appear under the microscope at 1200 diameters. The ordinary razor was one that was stropped in the most scientific manner while the Gillette was selected at random from a dozen blades.

Ask your dealer for the Gillette Safety Razor; he can procure it for you. Write for our interesting booklet which explains our thirty days free trial offer. Most dealers make this offer; if yours don't, we will.

The Gillette Sales Company.

1162 Times Building. Times Square, New York.

References: Any one of our 168,141 satisfied users to January 1, 1905, our first year in the market.



The Ordinary Razor Blade

The University of Chicago  
Dept. of Botany.  
Painter-Tobey-Jones Co., April 16, 1905.  
Mr. Geo. J. Kendall, Chicago, Ill.  
Dear Sir:—I am sending proofs of edges of a high grade ordinary shaving razor and the Gillette Blade at a magnification of 1200 diameters (in popular language 1,440,000 times). Negatives were made from Spencer objective 4mm. focal length and Numerical Aperture 0.85; and Zeiss Ocular 8.  
You will note that the numerical aperture is a high one, thus making the test a severe one for both blades. Advise me of receipt of proofs. Trusting they will serve your purpose, I am, yours very truly,  
Prof. W. J. G. LAND.



This is exact size of Gillette Blade.

# WILSON WHISKEY

THAT'S ALL!



WHERE IT ORIGINATED.

ROMAN MAIDEN.—Don't these acrobatic vaudeville acts bore you dreadfully?  
HER COMPANION.—Oh, frightfully! I never did care for slapstick comedy.

COURAGEOUS.

"Are the Americans courageous as a rule?" asked the visitor from abroad.  
"I should say so!" answered the patriotic citizen. "You should see the way the average American eats sardines and pie at a picnic."—*Wash. Star.*

THE THOUGHTLESS RAIN.

Little drops of water  
Showering far and wide,  
Always spoil the temper  
Of the gentlest bride.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

AFTER THE COUNTRY RUN.

The difference 'twixt "dust" and dust  
But adds unto the chauffeur's woes  
When he thinks of instalments due  
While he is brushing off his clo'es.

—Indianapolis News.

HARMLESS.

BELL.—Did that anonymous note worry you?  
NELL.—Oh, no; it was from Jack. He always writes them when we have a falling out!—*Detroit Free Press.*

An ounce of sherry and a table spoonful of Abbott's Angostura bitters before meals is a wonderful appetizer.

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and dinners are satisfactory only when the wine is satisfactory.

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and BERT LESTON TAYLOR

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This "historical" account of certain of the adventures of Huenos Pasada Fur Agua, Marquis of Pollio Grille, and Count of Pate de Foie Gras, is a clever and amusing burlesque on the novel of history-adventure. We consider it strange it has not been done before, but it is certainly well done now.

—Detroit Free Press.

"Monsieur D'En Brochette," is a capital travesty of the romances of the sword by American imitators of Alexandre Dumas which have been so numerous and popular in the last few years. The satire is keen and even the victims cannot fail to admire the skill with which the sharp thrusts are given.

—The Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The adventures which Robert Gaston de Launay Alphonse, Marquis of Pollio Grille, Count of Pate de Foie Gras, and Much Else Besides, succeeds in crowding into the short space of forty-eight hours are astounding.

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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RIGHT UP TO DATE.

Mrs. BLOWITT.—I have n't got a thing fit to wear.

MR. BLOWITT.—I know that—but you 've got all the latest summer styles!



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Hartford New York London

# Pears'

"Just soap," is good enough for some, but most women insist on having Pears'. Ask some girl with a good complexion—why?

Sold by the cake and in boxes.



CLOTHED IN MYSTERY.

"Father," said the small boy, "what is a scientist?"

"A scientist, my son, is a man who tells you something you always knew in such long words that you fail to recognize it."—*Washington Star*.

DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

"Shout halleluiah on the highway—if you feel like it," says a Georgia exchange; and *The Billville Banner* makes this comment:

"You just try it—and if the town marshal don't haul you in and give you thirty days, you may say that we don't know what we're a-talking about!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

SPITEFUL.

"What is the subject of Ella's essay?"

"Harmonies."

"And how does she illustrate it?"

"By putting a blue ribbon in her odious mop of red hair."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

FROM LIFE.

HE.—Miss Passay is wonderfully well informed on ancient history.

SHE.—Yes, she was always a great observer.—*Detroit Free Press*.

"He is a great fellow" is a mild way some men have of saying that a man does n't know much.—*Washington Democrat*.



## Hunter Baltimore Rye

is in all the elements of  
superior quality

### The Perfect Whiskey

Sold at all first-class cafes and by Jobbers  
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF IT.

Here's a Billville philosopher's view of it:

"No gold where the rainbow  
Runs far down the skies,  
But—chasin' a rainbow  
Is good exercise!  
It's been chased round the world  
By the Solomons wise  
Since Life to the world said  
"Good mornin'!"

—*Atlanta Constitution*.

HE WAS N'T "NEXT."

WIFE (reading).—Here's an account of a man who left home one evening after supper six months ago to get shaved, and he has n't been seen since.

HUSBAND.—Huh! I suppose he is still waiting for his turn.—*Chicago Daily News*.



## Nine Trains Daily for Chicago—NEW YORK CENTRAL.

## LIQUEUR PÈRES CHARTREUX

GREEN  
AND  
YELLOW

RARE  
PIQUANT  
FLAVOR



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ed Ales



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SURPRISED.

"Mama objects to my accepting him."

"Really? I thought she was too sensible to waste time opposing a summer engagement."

A tablespoonful of Abbott's Angostura Bitters in a glass of sweetened water after meals is the greatest aid to digestion known.

COULD N'T BE TEMPTED.

"Dar's rivers of milk en honey up yander," said Brother Dickey, to the sick member.

"Bre'r Dickey," he replied, "honey never did agree wid me; en as fer de milk—it 'll sho' be sour 'fo' I gits dar!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

A LACK OF PERCEPTION.

"Dat dog o' mine," said Mr. Erastus Pinkly, "keeps on a-tryin' to whup ev'y four-footed critter dat comes down de road."

"He must be a fighter."

"No, suh. He ain' no fighter. But he don' seem able to reco'nize de fact."—*Washington Star*.

WORD FROM BR'ER WILLIAMS.

"Many people spends dey entire lifetime hopin' to find de Promised Land, only ter find, at last, dat nobody promised 'um any mo' land than what dey worked for!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

WHEN a man gets old, he wants to watch out, or he will get to being called a crank.—*Washington Democrat*.

WITH all his power, however, it seems entirely unlikely that Governor-General Trepoff, of St. Petersburg, sleeps with the shutters open.—*Indianapolis News*.

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Pronounce It The Best.

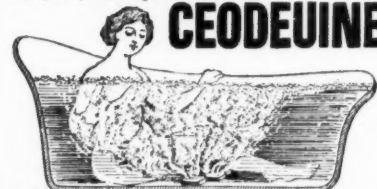


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#### THE BILLVILLE BABY.

"And what's his name?"

"Bless his little heart, he's too sweet to name! Molly, run out an' kill a rattlesnake, an' git a rattle fer him!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

#### THE WEATHER PROPHET.

He guesses like a hero  
By changes undismayed  
At anything from zero  
To ninety in the shade!

—*Washington Star*.

A MAN who behaves himself and is industrious, can get along with mighty little genius.—*Atchison Globe*.

#### EARLY INDICATIONS.

"I guess our boy Josh is going to be a great statesman or suthin'," said Farmer Cornlossel.

"Is he interested in the tariff?"

"No. But every time he runs across a funny story he learns it by heart an' tells it at the dinner table."—*Washington Star*.

#### RETURNS NOT IN.

"Did your automobile cost you much?"

"Can't say yet."

"I thought it was bought and paid for."

"It is. But I have n't heard from the physician, nor the police magistrate, nor the repair shop."—*Washington Star*.

ONE OF the signs that a man has at last a few rights in his house is when he sits on the front porch of an evening with his stocking feet on the railing.—*Atchison Globe*.

#### MATRIMONIAL SHOPPING.

"You seem to forget that I married you out of a shop."

"And haven't I proved a bargain."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

## HEAD YOUR LIST

of outing supplies with

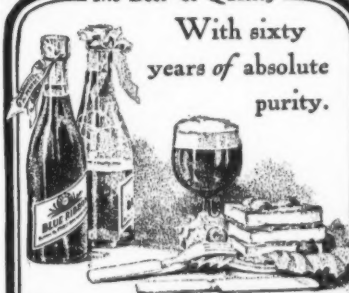
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#### IN DEMAND.

"Why is young Mr. Skiggs such a great social favorite?"

"He can eat anything that ever came out of a chafing dish, and act as if he enjoyed it."—*Washington Star*.

#### THE RAIN.

De Rain come down on fie! en town—  
Put out de Sunflower's light;

But he say, "I'll never rain enough  
Ter hide one rose fum sight!"

—*Atlanta Constitution*.

AT THIS season of the year the spare bedroom does n't get a chance to get rid of one brand of perfume before another kind is introduced.—*Atchison Globe*.

IT is not the old soldier who did the most fighting who talks most about it.—*Washington Democrat*.

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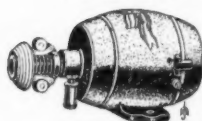
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#### THE REAL THING.

LITTLE CHICK.—Well, I never saw *him* before.

FRIENDLY ROOSTER.—No; he went away before you were born. He's been acting in the barn yard scene of "The Old Homestead."

## BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

#### WHERE HUSBAND FAILS.

"I'm going to buy a parrot!" he declared.

"Why?" inquired the friend of the family, "isn't there enough talking going on in your house without that?"

"Yes," he replied, "but I'm determined that something 'll get a word in edgewise besides my wife!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

#### BUYING THEIR SEATS.

"The true statesman," said the earnest citizen, "will always value Honor above all things."

"Yes," replied the keen observer; "I guess that's why many of our Senators are willing to pay so much for the honor."—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

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#### THREW HIM OVER.

GERTRUDE.—What are you giving Hortense for a wedding present?

BABETTE.—Why, er—I'm giving her the groom.—*Detroit Free Press*.

IT is said that no one has ever written a poem to Mr. Rockefeller; and yet the poets are eternally burning the midnight oil.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

PHOTOGRAPHS of "Mother" never look natural, because she seems to have been idle when they were taken.—*Atchison Globe*.

### Shine on!

It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish lasts.

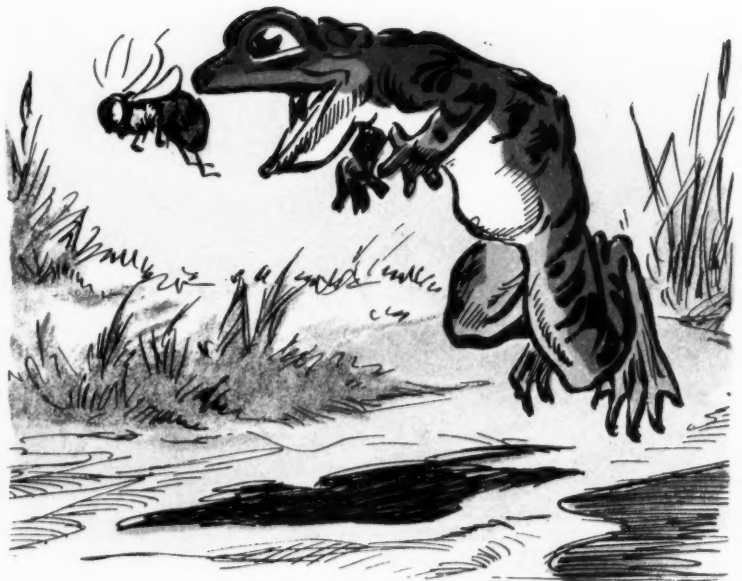
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